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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Those Appointments.

*Secretary of State.
Secretary of Treasury.
Justice Supreme Court.
Minister to Russia.
Minister to France.
Consul to Liverpool.
Governor New Mexico.
Collector Customs—
Clerk. Clerk. Clerk.
"Anderson—
"Consul—
"in a warm climate."
R. B. H.*

HAYES
"CIVIL SERVICE
REFORM"

"For special reasons,"
JOHN SHERMAN.

How to become President, OR The New Doctrine of Election

AS EXPOUNDED BY

VARIOUS PROMINENT
ACTORS

IN THE SPARKLING

COMEDY

ENTITLED

CIPHERS RETURNING BOARD

PLAYED

WITH GREAT SUCCESS

IN 1876

DURING THE

PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

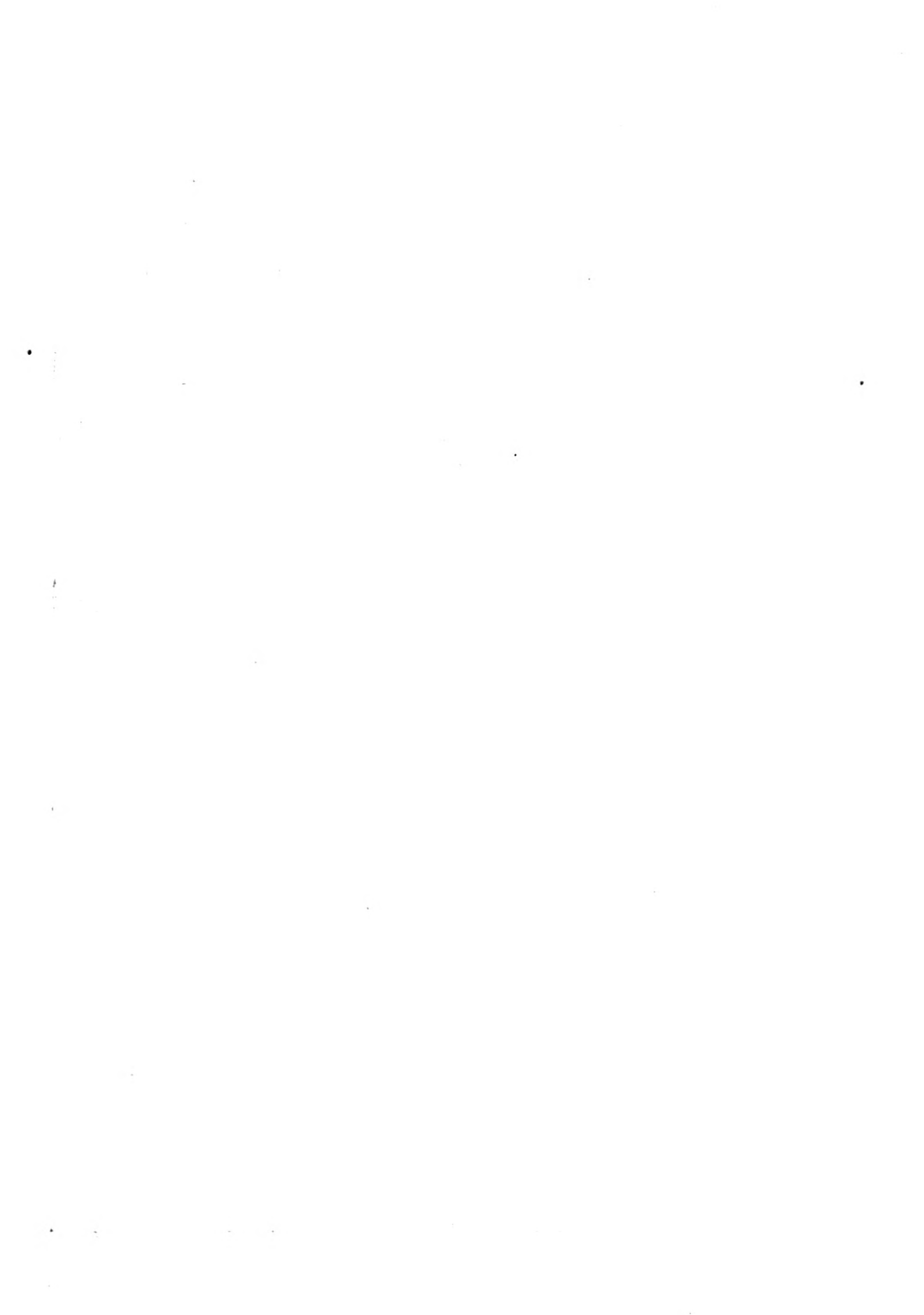
THE TALENTED CIVIL SERVICE REFORM COMBINATION

COMPILED FROM NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER EQUALLY
RELIABLE SOURCES

BY

"Our Mutual Friend"

TILDEN
"WARSAW HERE"
"BOLIVIA
BRAZIL"



HOW TO BECOME PRESIDENT;
OR,
THE NEW DOCTRINE OF ELECTION,

AS EXPOUNDED BY

Various Prominent Actors in the Sparkling Comedy

ENTITLED

“Ciphers and Returning Boards,”

Played with Great Success during the Presidential Contest in 1876.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE TALENTED

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM COMBINATION.

COMPILED FROM NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER EQUALLY RELIABLE
SOURCES BY

“OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.”

WASHINGTON, D. C.:
NATIONAL REPUBLICAN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY
1879.

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DEDICATION.



TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE,
AND ESPECIALLY

*To all aspiring statesmen small or great,
Whose pulses throb with fever Presidential—
To politicians who so glibly prate
About the freeman's ballot as potential—
To him whose guilt, if any, was in winning
The Chair Executive—exalted seat—
And him who failed, if fail he did, in sinning
And thought it great misfortune to be beat :—
I dedicate this book, whose only end
Is to be read by all.*

“OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.”

WASHINGTON, MARCH, 1870

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’Twill make him President in eighteen eighty.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TILDEN, *Democrat*, / One of the greatest Reformers the world ever saw—rival
HAYES, *Republican*, / Candidates for the Presidency.

PHELPS — Nephew of the Democratic party and Tilden's Confidential Secretary.

HELVET — Chief Clerk and Butter-washer in the Democratic establishment.

MILES — The man with a marble heart, confidential friend of Tilden, and glib at
the long and tedious signs.

FOX — / Three remarkable men, / Business friends of Tilden, who are exceedingly
MAN, / And fast together.

CUMPER — A refined politician upon a reform ticket.

1st, 2d, 3d MEMBERS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA RETURNING BOARD.—Three Ex-
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WELLS, / MEMBERS OF THE LOUISIANA RETURNING BOARD.—The former a
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SHERMAN — 1st Republican Visiting Statesman to New Orleans, and the author
of that letter.

1st, 2d, 3d, 4th REPUBLICAN Visiting Statesmen who went to New Orleans to wit-
ness an impossibility.

JIM ANDERSON — The ringleader of them all. A Republican who "stood by
his party," and was subsequently recommended for a seat in
"a warm chair."

DEMOCRATIC COUNSEL, / Employed by the respective parties to appear before the
REPUBLICAN COUNSEL, / Louisiana Returning Board and the press.

BENNY, *Republican*, / Two intelligent witnesses before the Returning Board.

WHITT, *Democrat*, /

NICHOLS, *Democrat*, / Rival Claimants for the gubernatorial Chair of Louis-
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LAVELLE,

McVIGHER, / Members of the Hayes Commission sent to New Orleans to over-

HAYES, / Surrender and turn over the State Government.

BECKIN,

GRUBB, / Architects of the Fraud. / Deceivers of the people.

MATHIAS — Figuratively speaking, "The cat's paw" that pulled the Republican
resident Chestnut out of the Andersonian fire.

COTTEWATER — A Double-Barreled Politician, and Candidate for a Chair, /
under the Civil Service Rules.

HENRY PUFF PUFF — A Member of Congress, who thinks the Colonel should be
remembered.

SPRINGER,

M. MATHIAS, / Member of the Congressional Investigating Committee.

WILLER,

WELLS,

LOU — A Newspaper Reporter, brother to Kate.

HAYES' SECRETARY.

TELEGRAPH BOY.

KATE — A spy in the Democratic Camp.

JAMES JUNKS — A Gentle Politician, and political Godmother to the Administration.
Capers, &c., &c., &c.

The New Doctrine of Election.

FIRST ACT.

SCENE I.—*Gramercy Park. Morning after Election.*
S. J. T., newspaper in hand.

TIL. [*Solil.*] I wonder what's the news, yet am
afraid
To read, for fear I'll find myself betrayed.
Ha! What is this? Zach Chandler's first dispatch,
Followed by other messages to match—
I'll read them at a venture, though 'twere wise,
Perhaps, to pass them by. They're doubtless lies.
[*Reads.*] "Hayes' vote one hundred eighty-five. Enough
To sure elect him. Chandler." Oh, that's stuff.
Why, it can't be. One hundred eighty-four
Is all he's got. I've one elector more.
I'll read no more, but wait for better news.
Ah! Here's my nephew. Now I'll get his views.

[*Enter PELTON.*]

PEL. Good morning, uncle. I've a message here
From Oregon that gives me cause to fear
The race is lost. You know you're one behind,
If some elector doesn't change his mind
Before he votes; and prospects are not fair
For such event. But yet, we may repair
The damage done——

TIL. That telegram from Grover——

PEL. Says there you're beat four hundred votes or
over.

TIL. Ha! say you so? The Governor's indiscreet
 To say thus soon 'tis his belief I'm beat.
 Dispatch him right away to hold his peace
 Until some future message gives release.
 And, while you are about it, say, as well,
 That just at present it is hard to tell
 The true result. The matter is in doubt—
 We must have time success to cipher out.
 Say to him, also, that he'd best delay
 Granting certificates, from day to day,
 Until we know how many votes are lacking
 To give me what I need—good solid backing.

PEL. Somebody comes.

TIL. Perhaps some of our friends.

PEL. If so we'll lay the plans to gain our ends.

TIL. [*Knock heard.*] Come in.

[*Enter FOX, MAX, MOSES, WEED, and HEW.*]

Good morning, gentlemen. I'm glad
 That you have called; for things are looking bad.

PEL. I find the papers give the vote to Hayes.
 And fear the Radicals (you know their ways)
 May take such steps as urgent need requires
 To prove the statement true. One fact inspires
 My heart with hope. 'Tis this: In several States
 The vote is close. Perhaps the busy fates
 Now working to defeat, may be controlled
 And made our friends' by arguments of gold.

TIL. My nephew may be right. I will withdraw
 While you discuss the matter. 'Tis a law
 With me, to shield myself, when e'er I can,
 From aught that might defile a public man.
 But this I say: Whate'er your judgment be—
 'Tis mine already. I with you agree.

WEED. The money——

TIL. Is all right. My nephew here
Will furnish it. My hand must not appear. [*Exit.*]

HEW. Now to our labors. We must all admit
The result turns on Florida.

MOSES. Small wit
Required to see so plain a fact as that——

FOX. [*Aside.*] (We'll make it turn all right. I'll bet
a hat.)

HEW. But yet, though this be true, some hope remains
That we may e'en succeed in making gains
In other States, before returns are rendered
Providing speedy arguments are tendered.
Now I propose all dangers to surmount
By sending parties down to see the count.
Once on the spot, they proper use can make
Of every weakness, fraud, or grave mistake
Of our antagonists. Besides, if made,
They can arrange and consummate the trade.

PEL. Exactly my opinion.

FOX, WEED, MOSES. We're agreed.

HEW. Whom shall we send to South Carolina?

PEL. Weed.

WEED. I'll go.

HEW. And Moses goes to Florida.

MOSES. I'm ready now. I'll start without delay.

HEW. Take Fox along. Max also. You know both—
They'll prove of great assistance.

MAX. I'm not loath.
It is the very way I would have sought.

FOX. [*Aside.*] (I'll show them how Returning Boards
are bought.)

HAYES. So unexpected, for I sought it not—
In fact, I scarce had hoped 'twould be my lot
To be the President of this great nation.
But since you say I'm chosen to that station,
I'll do the best I can to teach reform.
And, through *my* "Civil Service" make it warm
For politicians whose corrupting ways
Have shamed all honest folk these many days.
I thank you, gentlemen, again. Good-night.

CITIZENS. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

[*Exit* CITIZENS.]

HAYES. [*Solil.*] If Chandler's right,
I am elected sure. His message here
Gives me one over Tilden. Now, 'tis clear,
That one ensures success, beyond a doubt,
Unless he sells himself to count me out.
I think I'll write to Grant, or get a friend
To do so for me, asking him to lend
Assistance to my cause. Then I'll suggest,
In view of what may happen, it were best
To send some statesmen down to see the count,
And help the Boards all obstacles surmount
That might else interfere with my election.
Besides, the canvassers may need protection.
I'll see to this at once—without delay.
And those who serve me well I'll promptly pay
When I am seated in the Chair of State,
As I must be, in time, in spite of fate.
And then the world will see a President!
The best, in fact. Electors can invent.

SCENE III.—*Parlor of Colonel Twister's Residence.
Colonel T. reading over the newspapers.*

COL. T. [*Solil.*] Tilden's elected, all *his* friends agree,
Yet how they make it out, I cannot see.
I know he's sure of all the votes he's got,
But yet the Radicals, a cursed lot
Of desperate rascals, claim Hayes beats him one;
And if he does, I am indeed undone,
Unless I trim my sails in such a manner
As will enable me, when victory's banner
Is floated to the breeze, to steer my way
Without vexatious trouble or delay
Into some office on the winning side,
Which ever that may be. Blow wind, flow tide,
And bear me safely on. I'll play them double
And if I win, 'twill compensate the trouble.

[*Enter SERVANT.*]

SERV'T. A lady, sir, to see you.

COL. T. Show her in.

[*Enter KATE. Exit SERVANT.*]

Good morning, Kate.

KATE. Good morning. When you win,
As win you must when Tilden's in the chair——

COL. T. Don't speak of it; for trilles light as air
Do sometimes larger than great mountains grow,
And all our best laid plans and schemes o'er throw.

KATE. You have bad news? I feared so when **you**
failed
To call, as is your custom, and prevailed
On brother Tom to grant his escort here
That I might strive your troubled heart to cheer.

COL. T. Ah, Kate, 'tis good of you to give me thought
At such a time. My brain has been o'er wrought
By many cares; but yet, I bring to mind
No instance where your love has not been kind.

KATE. You have not known me long enough to prove
My kindness or my love. I fear——

COL. T. Remove
Such doubts, and ev'ry fear. My faith in you
Is such, so strong, that naught can it undo.
And when we see the last of this election
You shall become the bride of my selection,
Providing——

KATE. You forget I'm poor indeed.

COL. T. Providing I get office as agreed.

KATE. Just think! You've known me scarce an hun-
dred days!

COL. T. I've known you long enough to learn your
ways,
And that I love you——

KATE. I am rather plain
In my appearance——

COL. T. Tut! tut! Please refrain
From such discourse. You are my promised bride.
I think you beautiful——

KATE. Perhaps your pride
May cause you to look down on such as I
If you perchance succeed—then I shall die.

COL. T. Believe me, darling, never until now
Have I met one to whom my heart could bow.
That one is you. And though I'm rather old,
To marry, yet, love will not be controlled.
My mind is fixed. I have determined quite
(Providing, always, I succeed,) to plight

My troth with you in marriage. Say no more.

KATE. You are a friend of Tilden? O'er and o'er
I've heard you speak of him as such——

COL. T. No doubt.

KATE. And if you are, and love me, you'll find out
Just what his chances are—what he has done
Since this election business first begun—
What his intentions are concerning States
In which the vict'ry he with Hayes debates.—
'Tis merely curiosity—a whim—
But yet I'd like to know——

COL. T. His chance is slim.
As matters stand, but he is laying wires
To win success, and hope his soul inspires.

KATE. The papers say he has one eighty-four——

COL. T. Yes but he wants just one elector more.

KATE. If that he fails to get then——

COL. T. Hayes will win
And he be counted out, instead of in.

KATE. Ah, that is true. But he can surely buy
That "one elector more" if once he try?

COL. T. Yes, yes, he knows it, but his friends are
trying
To get one otherwise, ere they go buying.
I'll know in time, if they perchance succeed,
For all the plans are laid. 'Tis all agreed.

KATE. Oh, tell me what they mean to do, and how——

COL. T. I would, my love, but I know nothing now.
His nephew has arranged it. When I learn
Aught in the matter, knowing your concern
For these affairs, I'll come to you straight way
And give you all the news, without delay.

KATE. Oh, thank you! thank you! Now I must be
going
Or else some busy body will be throwing
A shadow on my name for coming——

COL. T. Never!
Come when you like until you come forever.

KATE. Good bye, then, till we meet——

COL. T. Good-bye, to-morrow.
I'll see you whether joy is mine, or sorrow. [*Exit KATE.*]
I know not what attracts me to her so
On short acquaintance: but the truth I know,
And that is this: I love her. Like a spell
Her presence charms, but why, I cannot tell.
I'll do her bidding—nay, I can't refuse,
Yet 'twere a sin my friendship to abuse
By stealing all the secrets of a friend
Because a woman wants them for some end.

SCENE IV.—*State House, Columbia, S. C., Room, over
door of which a sign "For Sale." Enter Weed,
carpet-bag in hand.*

WEED. [*Reads sign.*] "For Sale." This must be it:
the very place
Where men, corrupt and venal, seek disgrace
As if it were great honor. Shame! Oh, shame,
On those who thus profane the honored name
Of "Freemen:"—who themselves do prostitute
To such base usages: whose bad repute
Has brought me hither, spurred by honest zeal,
To buy what Radicals have failed to steal.
I'll enter—No!—'Twere better first to learn
The temper of the Board. Perhaps they'll spurn

M. B. Ah, yes; I see! This says a "bar'l of money"
Is waiting for a claimant. 'Twould be funny
If only yesterday we *gave* to Hayes
What now you wish to buy.

WEED. But if it pays
You sure could sell again? Sell it to me.
You haven't made delivery——

M. B. I'll see
And let you know to-night; meantime, keep dark,
For we are honest men——

WEED. [*Aside.*] (God save the mark!)

M. B. And must not be betrayed.

WEED. Where shall we meet?

M. B. At my hotel. This card——

WEED. [*Looking at card.*] I know the street.
I'll be there prompt at nine; and hope your will
Will be to let me help your pockets fill.

M. B. Dont speak of it; decisions may be changed.
The Board's will be if this plan is arranged—
But not for money. No; we never take it
Unless we find some easy way to make it.

WEED. I understand your drift.

M. B. All right. Good day. [*Exit.*]

WEED. Good day to you. And now I will away
To telegraph to Denmark what I've done,
And tell him that I think our cause is won. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*State House, Columbia, S. C. Room of
Returning Board. Present, Members.*

1st M. I tell you 'tis too low. I'll not consent.
2d M. Nor I. Twice that and I will be content.

3d M. I am for dealing honestly——

1st M. [*Aside.*] (Oh, stuff.)

3d M. And think the sum that's offered large enough.
We've sold out one side—now let's sell the other.
Treating each candidate as though a brother.
To do so is but common Justice—fair—
Besides, 'twill help our fortunes to repair.

2d M. I think, upon reflection, you are right.

1st M. And so do I.

3d M. Let's close the deal to-night.

2d M. My heart mis-gives me. Gentlemen, I feel——

1st M. Pooh! don't we sell to those who tried to steal
The self-same thing from us, and don't we act
In great good faith? I mean to keep *my part*.

3d M. I feel no qualms of conscience. We receive
This money, and it leads us to believe
Our judgment erred at first. We change our minds
Whose business it? His alone who finds
That we are honest—(after payment made)—
In other words, the man who is betrayed.

1st M. Both parties wink at fraud: nay, more, suggest
We do the very thing that suits them best,
Whether 'tis right or wrong. The ballots cast
By either side this last election past,
Were many of them fraudulent. To win,
Each party thought to stuff the box no sin.
Why, then, should we feel guilty if we make
A just decision, and a handsome stake?

2d M. The failing party surely will not dare
To say we played him false——

1st M. To that I'll swear

3d M. Well, I am off to close the bargain.

2d M. Stay!

When shall we get the money ?

3d M. Right away.

2d M. Then hurry up, and don't you make a slip
When we have got the cup thus near our lip.

3d M. Trust me for that. [*Exit.*]

1st M. Now shines the sun once more.

2d M. Let's go and take a drink.

1st M. The storm is o'er. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Room, Everett House, N. Y. City.* Present,
Pelton, Hewitt and Cooper.

PEL. These telegrams have lately come to hand
From Weed, whom we sent down to Hampton's land.
They are in cipher, and if all agree
I'll read them out, when I have found my key.

HEW. and Coop. Read, read, by all means : we are all
intent

To know how matters stood when they were sent.

[*PELTON rings. Enter SERVANT.*]

PEL. Go tell my clerk to bring the key he'll find
Within my cabinet.

HEW. That brings to mind,
I left mine all exposed. I hope 'tis safe—
But yet 'tis useless now to fret or chafe.

[*Enter CLERK with jug labelled whisky.*]

CLERK. This is the only key I——

PEL. [*Aside. Seeing jug.*] (Curse the dunce.)
Go take that back. Bring me *the key* at once—
You understand? The cipher key, now go,
And never dare again such wit to show.

[*Exit CLERK and re-enters with key, and then retires.*]

Now, gentlemen, I'm ready to begin :—

[*Reads.*] “ I've bought the Board. They'll count
your uncle in

For Mississippi River ”—

HEW. (That means eighty—)

PEL. “ Edinburgh ”—

HEW. (That's thousand—)

COOP. [*Aside.*] (Surely a weighty

Question he's handling.)

PEL. “ Copenhagen ”—

HEW. (There,

That's dollars—)

PEL. “ Amsterdam ”—

HEW. (That's bills.) I swear——

COOP. What shall we do ?

PEL. Why, let him close the trade

As soon as transfer of the cash is made.

He starts to night for Baltimore, and I,

Go down with funds to give him full supply.

HEW. What else has he to say ?

PEL. A lot of stuff—

Decipher it yourself.

HEW. Oh, that's too tough.

I couldn't do it if I tried. No matter.

You've read the most important. Skip the latter

PEL. I'll see you later.

HEW. That's a hint to us

We should be going.

COOP. Well, we can discuss

These matters further at another place.

HEW. Good morning, Pelton, see you gain the race.

[*Exit Hew. and Coop.*]

PEL. Now by St. Paul! The work goes bravely on,
I'll bag that vote, and one from Oregon.
I'll off and get the money. Then, to win,
Will be to see my uncle counted in. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *New Orleans. Room occupied by Return-Board. Present, Members of Board, Counsel (Rep. and Dem.) and Visiting Statesmen.*

WELLS. We must admit this——

D. C. No sir, I protest.

WELLS. This whole return——

D. C. The law does not invest

Your Board with such a power to——

WELLS. Be all wrong.

R. C. Now I protest.

D. C. And I will change my song.

D. V. S. Let us have peace. Of course I have no
right

To interfere, but yet 'tis my delight

In every case to see full justice done.—

1st R. V. S. This isn't justice. Since this count
begun——

WELLS. Peace, gentlemen. The count will now proceed.
We'll not admit this——

R. C. I protest!

D. C. Agreed.

WELLS. This——

R. C. [*Aside.*] (That won't do.)

WELLS. Return——

1st R. V. S. [*Aside.*] (I'd like to know
If he intends our cause to overthrow.)

WELLS. To be correct. The legal vote, as polled,
Must be increased at least an hundred fold
To make amends for votes our party lost
Through fraud——

1st R. V. S. That's right——

D. C. *and* D. V. S. "Protest! Protest!" The cost
Of such——

R. C. *to* D. C. Now I protest. You're out of order.

D. C. *to* R. C. You go to—see your friend across the
border.

WELLS. You who protest, must file the same in writing.

GEN. A. That will keep one man all the time inditing.

WELLS. Enough of this. A witness is at hand
To testify against the White League band.
He's been bull-dozed, and burglarized, and such,
And knows of all their devilment.

D. C. How much

Has he been paid for coming?

R. C. [*Enter witness.*] Not a penny.

WELLS. Be seated, witness. What's your name?

1st WIT. It's Benny.

WELLS. Are you a negro?

1st WIT. 'Spose I is. I'se brack.

WELLS. Where did they shoot you?

[*Puts hand to shoulder.*] Fetch me hy'ar a crack——

WELLS. And did they kill you?

D. C. I protest. He's living.

R. C. *to* D. C. Be quiet: 'tis the witness who is
giving

This testimony—not yourself. [*To witness.*] Proceed.

WELLS. You must keep quiet, gentlemen. Indeed
The Board will not permit these side debates;
And, more, believes what e'er the witness states.

Now, witness, tell the Board how, when, and where
You got your hurts.

1st. WIT. De fac' am I d'clar
I don' forgot——

WELLS. No matter. You can go. [*Exit witness.*]

D. C. We have a witness waiting down below——

WELLS. Let him be called.

D. C. [*Enter witness.*] He's here.

WELLS. Your name ?

2d WIT. Jim White.

WELLS. What do you know ?

2d WIT. Nothing but what is right.

I never saw a "nigger" all my life.

I never heard a word of fraud or strife.

I never heard a word of this election——

R. C. Here, if the Board permits—I make objection.

WELLS. File it. [*To witness.*] Go on.

2d WIT. The country is at peace.

I like a bit of fun, and to increase

My zest for pleasure, often take a ride

By night, with some choice spirits—tan the hide

Of some d—d radical ere break of day—

But I assure you 'tis but done for play.

Sometimes I cut a throat, or shoot a man,

Or treat a woman roughly, but the plan

That works the best, and which I most admire

Is that which treats those devil's imps with fire.

I'm peaceably disposed—so are my friends ;

And we but kill and burn to make amends——

WELLS. You are excused. This parish is thrown out.

D. C. I do protest——

WELLS. Then file it.

1st R. V. S. I've no doubt

But what the witness' statements are all true.

At least I am inclined to take that view.

1st D. V. S. I move the Board adjourn.

Let R. V. S. And I.

2011-01-10, V. S. Ann. I.

WELLS. You do astonish me. Your reason why?

1st D. V. S. There is a ball to-night, a grand affair——

2d R. V. S. Where dusky beauties breathe the balmy
 air——

3d. D. V. S. We wish to go, to mingle in the dance.

3d R. V. S. You see we ne'er may have another chance.

WELLS. The Board will stand adjourned as you request.

2d R. V. S. We'll go there in a body.

2d D. V. S. That were best.

1st D. V. S. Then let's away to meet to-night at eight.

1st R. V. S. All right. We must make haste; 'tis getting late. [*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Gramercy Park.* Present, *Tilden and Pelton.*

THL. I'm glad you've come. What news from anywhere?

How goes the battle?

PEL. Every thing looks fair.

Weed wants some money——

TULL. Well, why hesitate?

To change our programme now were all too late.

PEL. He wants too much—more than I think you'll give :

For eighty thousand dollars——

TIL. As I live,
That is a pretty fortune—quite a sum—
But if I pay the money, what's to come ?

PEL. The State is ours, as Weed's dispatch reports.
He's bought the Board thus heading off the courts.

TIL. Then give him what he wants. The price is high
But while they're in the market, we must buy.

PEL. I've pledged myself to go to Baltimore
And meet Weed there to pay the money o'er.
I'll start at once, as soon as I've the cash.
And finish up the bargain.

TIL. Don't be rash.
But act discreetly. Keep the matter quiet
Yet when you see——

PEL. A vote to buy I'll buy it.

TIL. Here is my check to cover the amount
For this transaction. See you make it count.

PEL. Oh, never fear : we're certain to succeed
Now that the Board has sold itself to Weed.
I always thought you surely were elected——

TIL. (I hope this trade will never be detected.)

PEL. And now no shadow of a doubt remains——

TIL. 'Tis said, in Florida I'm making gains :
How's that ?

PEL. I cannot stop to tell you now—
I must meet Weed to-night, or have a row.

TIL. Well, go at once. Return without delay.
And telegraph me often, while away.

PEL. I'll keep you posted without fail.

THL. Good-bye. [*Exit PEL.*]

I'm climbing to success. The end is nigh.

I've justice on my side, (until found out)—

And surely I must win, beyond a doubt. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IX.—*Kate's residence, N. Y. Kate in parlor reading. Enter Tom, (newspaper reporter.)*

TOM. Well, Kate, how goes the battle?

KATE. Slow, but sure

The colonel don't suspect me. I'm secure

In his affection. But, Tom, I'm ashamed

To play the part of spy, and to be blamed,

Perhaps, should this scheme fail, by either side——

TOM. Permit no place where such thoughts may abide.

You must not fail. Success must be achieved.

And when it is, you'll feel yourself relieved

Of ev'ry fear. We'll both be richly paid

By those whose tools we are——

KATE. But I'm afraid

I may be made the subject of great scandal;

And I'm not sure the game is worth the candle.

TOM. Pooh! Pooh! No more of this; our cause is
just.

We'll beat the enemy, so don't distrust.

But tell me, now, how far have you progressed?

Have you learned aught? Has anything expressed

By Colonel Twister led you to believe

They're bent on mischief?

KATE. I shall soon receive

Some telegrams, in cipher, Tilden's friends
Transmit from time to time.

TOM. Then all depends
Upon the key.

KATE. I'll try and get that too
But if I make a miss, 'twill rest on you
To get them studied out. I'll do my best——

TOM. You get the ciphers and I'll do the rest.
But now I must be off. Good-bye, dear Kate,
Until to-morrow.

KATE. Good-bye. [*Exit TOM.*] Oh, I hate—
Nay, I despise this part that I am playing—
'Twill surely ruin me. There's no use saying
The end in view will justify the means.
The saying is not true. My judgment leans
Over against my promise. I relent.
E'en now—e'en now am tempted to repent—
Abandon this disgraceful, wretched scheme—
But yet, I cannot: I must sail the stream
I have embarked upon. Regrets are vain.
I needs must persevere, come joy—come pain.

SCENE X.—*Parlor, Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore.* Pre-
sent, *Pelton and Weed.* *Pelton with letter and tele-*
gram.

WEED. The money—did you bring it?

PEL. Yes, but fear
'Twill do you little good. This letter here
I've just received. My uncle bids me hold
And not pay o'er the money till I'm told.

You see, he's had some news since——

WED.

This beats—Well!

What shall I do? Have you no more to tell?

I'm in a fix. Those fellows will not wait

And we shall lose the vote, as sure as fate.

PEN. I cannot help it. If I could I would.

I've telegraphed, and done the best I could.

You see, in Florida they're buying too.

And uncle thinks one State alone will do.

WEED. Then why the devil wasn't I informed?

PEL. The letter says my uncle fairly stormed

When first he learned two States were being bought

To get the single vote for which he sought.

Nobody knew it ere I left, I'm sure,

But ev'ry one deemed matters all secure.

WEED. The telegram you've got——

Prin.

Bids me say this :

If Moses, Fox, and Max should make a miss

Then Weed shall have the money he requires——

WEED. Just tell your uncle Weed henceforth retires
From serving him——

1985

Reflect before you speak.

'Tis known abroad my uncle's cause is weak.

He needs your counsel, your assistance, too—

Come, go with me. I'll find you work to do.

WEED. No, I'll go home. You've no more use for me.

PLA. Go to Columbia then—

WED.

I'll ne'er agree

To set my foot in that d—d town again.

PRI. Go where you like. Go to the devil, then.

But stop! I beg your pardon. Please forget

My hasty spoken words.

WEDD

I will; but yet,

I am not satisfied. The game is lost
Through your neglect. You'll find so to your cost.

PEL. 'Tis not my fault. I did *not* make mistake;
I acted in good faith——

WEED. For Heaven's sake,
Don't try to whip the devil round the stump.—
As sure as every camel has a hump
The fault *is* yours. Else you would have arranged
About this matter, and, when plans were changed
Have sent me word.

PEL. The money is all right—
My uncle says so. Go with me to-night
And see him for yourself. He'll say the same
He writes to me, to you.

WEED. Then whose the blame?

PEL. I tell you that my uncle thought it best
To make delay, for reasons I suggest.
He deemed it useless to increase expense
Beyond our need for making good defense.
If efforts to buy Florida succeeded,
He thought the South Carolina vote not needed;
Hence, bade me say, "Tell Weed to further wait
Until"——

WEED. The chance is gone. 'Till 'tis too late.

PEL. The time has not yet passed to win success.
Go back with me and you shall have redress
For fancied wrongs. Besides, we need you there
In case we blunder, to help make repair.

WEED. Let's hear no more. I will consent to go,
Though I feel hurt at this, my overthrow.
I'll labor on until we reach the end
Of this affair. On me you may depend. [*Exeunt both.*]

SCENE XI.—*Room, Everett House, N. Y.* Present,
Pelton, Hewitt, Weed, and Cooper.

PEL. It seems Returning Boards consist of knaves——

WEED. I wish they all were in forgotten graves.

PEL. They have no consciences, but put their figures
Higher than if each vote was fifty "niggers"

Put up for sale in good old slav'ry days

Before Returning Boards were known——

COOP. Or Hayes.

HEW. What vexes you?

PEL. This telegram from "Moses."

WEED. What does it say?

PEL. It says the Board proposes
To give at any hour a just decision
In Tilden's favor, if we make provision
For needed funds to pay the price they ask
Ere yet they shall have finished up their task.
Stearn's own certificate attached will be——

HEW. Give us the figures, that we all may see
What best to do.

PEL. He says they ask "Moselle"——

WEED. (Two)—— [*Interpreting as Pelton reads.*]

PEL. "Glasgow"——

WEED. (Hundred——)

PEL. "Edinburgh"——

WEED. Oh, h—ll!

That makes two hundred thousand!——

HEW. I declare!

The price is high enough to make one swear.

COOP. And that's from Moses, too——

PEL. Yes, curse his heart.

It must be marble all, or else in part.

COOP. He should have been more cautious in his dealing!

WEED. Why, d—n it, man, 'tis just as bad as stealing.

PEL. Ha! Here is one more sensible, from Fox.
He says that half a hundred thousand, knocks
The props from underneath the enemy——

COOP. That's pure reform. My ticket.

WEED. I should say——

HEW. Accept his proposition. "Warsaw" Moses
"Bolivia Brazil." What Fox proposes
Meets my approval. Wire him right away
To "do it only once" without delay.

[PEL. *opens another telegram.*]

PEL. This calls for money also.

HEW. Oh, 'tis clear
They all want money. Read it. Let us hear
How many hundred thousand million more
Is wanted ere this buying votes be o'er.

PEL. This is from Oregon. And Bush and Ladd
Want just eight thousand dollars—want it bad.
It is for Kelly to fix up a job
To get one vote for us——

WEED. Why don't they rob
Your uncle all at once? He'll bankrupt be
Before the bottom of this thing we see.

PEL. Don't speak so strong; success were cheap indeed
At any cost.

WEED. Well, let him bleed and bleed.
I could have saved him much of what he's paying
Had I not been upset by his delaying.

HEW. Let Kelly have the money. 'Tis but right.

PEL. I'll go and send it now. Good night.

HEW. Good night.

If these schemes fail, then are we surely lost. [*Exit PEL.*]

COOP. But Tilden foots the bills, whatever the cost.

WEEB. We ought not to complain if he *is* throwing
His money to the dogs.

HEW. Well, let's be going. [*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE XII.—*Ball room, New Orleans. Present, Quadr-
rooms, dancers, Republican and Democratic Visit-
ing Statesmen, and spectators.*

1st R. V. S. Ah, this is what my eyes have longed
to see—

Equality of races.

1st D. V. S. I'll agree.

'Tis rather pleasant. Yet, a sense of duty——

2d R. V. S. I never saw so much of dusky beauty!
They really are enchanting——

2d D. V. S. Take my arm.

Let's mingle in the crowd. 'Twill be no harm.

2d R. V. S. All right. We'll promenade, and show
the masses

Assembled here we are not foes but——

2d D. V. S. Asses.

1st R. V. S. I mean to dance, if I can only find
A partner wholly suited to my mind.

1st D. V. S. 'Twill doubtless help you to count Pack-
ard in.

[*Aside.*] (I'd dance myself were dancing not a sin.)

'Twill do no harm at least to try a waltz.

1st R. V. S. I think not. Ev'ry statesman has his faults.

This is a little one, if one it be——

1st D. V. S. We must have relaxation——

1st R. V. S. I agree

And think you'd better, just for once, determine
To let your scruples die. Come, try a German.

1st D. V. S. A break-down would be better. And
again

The German's not the thing for public men.

We give no favors save we are repaid——

1st R. V. S. Well, suit yourself. To dance I'm not
afraid.

3d R. V. S. By George! This is enjoyment. What
a crowd!

1st D. V. S. There's Sh——

3d R. V. S. Hush! Never mention
names aloud.

See over yonder—standing near the wall——

That slim, thin, skinny figure—at a ball!

Who would have thought it. One of your men, too——

3d D. V. S. Well, we're all here—he'd nothing else
to do.

Who is that by his side? Looks like a preacher.

3d R. V. S. Why, that is one of us.

3d D. V. S. A glorious creature

He's talking to. He's feeling good, that's clear.

2d R. V. S. I do not think it strange——

1st D. V. S. It seems right queer

To see men loaded with the cares of State

Unbend themselves so easily——

2d R. V. S. You prate

About the inequality of race——

1st D. V. S. Oh, that's political——

2d R. V. S. Yet you embrace

The present opportunity to revel

With dusky beauties here——

1st D. V. S. Go to the devil!

3d D. V. S. I say that Nicholls won.

1st R. V. S. That is not so.

Packard's the man. Wells told me; he should know.

4th R. V. S. I think that both sides should be counted
out.

4th D. V. S. If that were done, then Hayes goes up
the spout.

4th R. V. S. Ah, that is true. I'll take back what
I said.

2d R. V. S. I'm going home. We all should be in
bed.

4th D. V. S. I think the room is getting rather warm.

1st R. V. S. The Civil Service system needs reform.

1st D. V. S. Needs ventilation——

2d D. V. S. Come, let us away.

'Tis long past midnight; soon it will be day

4th R. V. S. All right; I'm coming. Get our friends
together.

3d D. V. S. They mostly seem to be in jolly feather.

1st D. V. S. Let politicians spout, and plead, and
rant

Concerning social laws——

1st R. V. S. I really can't.

1st D. V. S. I don't know what they are; at least,
so far

As they would shut my eyes to any star

Because 'twere black, if such thing e'er could be——

2d D. V. S. Well, who is ready to go home with me.

2d R. V. S. We all are ready.

1st D. V. S. I—

1st R. V. S. And I—

3d D. V. S. And I.

3d R. V. S. Then start at once. The rising sun is
nigh. [*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE XIII.—*Gramercy Park.* Present, *Tilden and Pelton*

PEL. I've brought you all the ciphergrams received
From ev'ry source, that you may feel relieved
From all suspicion of improper dealing
Concerning buying votes, or even stealing.
When I have read them o'er you will admit
They're really harmless—can't hurt you a bit.

TIL. Who are they from?

PEL. Fox, Gabble, Moses——

TIL. Well,
Just skip the others. What have they to tell?

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Met, this, here, safe, noon, Weldon.
Rome, arrived"——

TIL. [*Aside.*] (I wonder how the devil he survived.)

PEL. "Well, not, things, have, at, look, although, of
Ed,"

"Fox, Webster, on, sick, Thomas, back, a-head."

TIL. That seems to give us all the bottom facts—
Who is it from?

PEL. The signature is Max.

TIL. What does he say? I cannot understand
His meaning.

PEL. Oh, he's doing your command.

TIL. Well, take the next one. Read the others
through
And then we'll take good counsel what to do.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "News, very, say, to from, can, Copen-
hagen"

"Us, mixed, insure, you, count, if——

TIL. [*Aside.*] (Was sie sagen?)

PEL. "Things, here, what, give, am, out, a, to, indeed,
Intend, placed, you, few, Louisiana, Weed."

TIL. That sounds quite sensible. I'm sure 'tis true
And brings some radical's base plot to view.
But read the rest. I'm anxious to be done
With these small matters. Half the battle's won.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Half, twelve, less, thirty, may, eleven,
winning"——

TIL. You go too fast; begin at the beginning.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Give, ten, additional, for, sixteen,
seven"——

TIL. I'm quite disgusted with the man. By Heaven!
There's not a bit of sense in what he's saying——

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Sixteen, lieutenant, Russia"——

TIL. He's delaying
The whole arrangement. We are in a box
And yet he sends no word of comfort——

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Fox."

TIL. Well?

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Sixteen, thirteen, make, fetch, forty,
half"——

TIL. What nonsense! Does he take me for a calf?

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Can, twelve, eleven, you, say, two, in, nine"——

TIL. No, thank you, I respectfully decline.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "If, twenty, twelve, immediately, then, Two, forty, half, of, twelve, eleven, ten."

TIL. Oh, Lord, I'm sick. My brain begins to reel. But let me hear what more he's to reveal.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Jane, making, Moses, I, to, William, glueing"——

TIL. I wonder now what mischief is a brewing.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Last, proposition, stop, from, Israel, making,

To, captain, privately, fetch, Israel, taking"——

TIL. There's Israel again; but naught discloses Whether 'tis Israel indeed, or Moses.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Cook, France, infernal, B, nobody, writes"——

TIL. I wonder who his message then indites?

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Electors, scoundrels, Chandler, Moses, bring,"——

TIL. Wonderful man!

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Shall I not fire-bell ring, In night."

TIL. No, no! Why kick up such a fuss— If he does that, there'll be a pretty muss.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Warsaw, they, are, read, idiots, unchanged,"——

TIL. That's true, or else the sender is deranged.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Can't situation, Henry, Havenmeyer, last."

TIL. I'm glad your getting through.

PEL. The worst is past.

TIL. Then go ahead. To beat that rascal Hayes
I'd listen to such nonsense all my days.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "First, then, long, river, Danube, War-
saw, read,
Thomas, Potomac, Schuykill."

TIL. That's from Weed.
I know it, for 'tis neither rhyme nor reason,
And, like a quail in summer, out of season.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Bad, weather, here"——

TIL. I hope 'tis not too warm.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Charles, try, lieutenant, captain, bad,
through, storm."

TIL. That's good advice; I hope they'll follow it.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Havana, Russia,"——

TIL. Nephew wait a bit—
I cannot make that out——

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Try, Laura, Jane,
From, Israel, the, children, yet, remain"——

TIL. I wish I had him here in sound of voice—
I'd learn him better than suggest a choice
Of brides for me.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Greece, Captain, Daniel,"

TIL. Never!
Is this d—d nonsense to go on forever?

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Kneel, sauce-box, scarify, your, heart,
admonished"——

TIL. To hear such language! Really, I'm astonished.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Unlandlocked, to, unransomed, match,
to, sleeper."

TIL. The man is mad, and late escaped his keeper.
Is that the last?

PEL. No.

TIL. Well, I'll take 'em all,
In one sweet dose, like physic in a ball.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Finished, already, last, night, Laura,
Fox"—[*Hesitates.*]

TIL. Go on! My heart is steeled 'gainst sudden
shocks.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Found. Moses"—

TIL. Ah, the rascal, so I thought!

He gets in mischief only to be caught.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "And, said, he, saddle Blackstone,
Russia, tell"—

TIL. Confound that Moses! Wish he was in—Well!
Let's hear the rest.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Bolivia, nothing, had,
I, knew, already, yesterday"—

TIL. Too bad!

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Lima, should, Hudson, be, to, War-
saw, willing."

TIL. Oh, how he murders grammar. This is killing.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Unite, with, Africa, can't, Jane, to-
night"—

TIL. I'd like to know if Jane be black or white.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Have, Rhine, Potomac, Mississippi,
level,

"Of, Edinburgh, Chicago"—

TIL. Oh, the Devil!

PEL. [*Reads.*] "And, Amsterdam, all, parties, up,
the river"—

TIL. Good gracious! What a damn! It makes me
shiver.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "To, Rochester, or, Russia, try, the,
Thames,

And, Copenhagen, Danube, packs, the, James,
Gods, fear, of Sunday"—

TIL. Stop! I'll hear no more.
That's worse profanity than when he swore.
Satan must be the master whom he serves—
Try something else more soothing to the nerves.

PEL. All right! Here's one. [*Reads.*] "Inform,
Spain, matters, tea"——

TIL. I'd like to know what that's to do with me?

PEL. [*Reads.*] "By, London, agent, Jo, news"——

TIL. That's bad grammar.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Their, January, friends, inform, have,
hammer"——

TIL. Oh, Lord! I'm going crazy.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "June, is, Jo."

TIL. Much more like this—I to the mad-house go.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Chicago, is, too, heavy, Spain, involv-
ing"——

TIL. My head is going round, my brain dissolving.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Re-duplicate, with, paregoric, rook."

TIL. I'll not a drop. I swear it by the Book.

PEL. [*Reads.*] Broach, Hewitt's, lottery"——

TIL. Is Hewitt gambling?

That means so, or my senses have gone rambling.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "If, pains, corporeal, the, fallow, peat."

TIL. That's bosh.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Embezzle, woman."

TIL. Indiscreet

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Bisect, the, carcass, immolate out-
right——

TIL. They must be heathen. Bless me, what a sight!

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Or, balcony, the, dormouse."

TIL. How unfeeling

Must be the heart such sentiments revealing.

PEL. You see from these dispatches, things are moving.

TIL. I hope the ones who sent them are improving. They sure are mad, or else been on a spree. No person sane would send such trash to me.

PEL. Here is another [*Reads.*] "Bisculous, top, usher"——

TIL. Now by my soul! That first word is a crusher.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "By, vizier, purchase, act, afar, with, cunning"——

TIL. I'd really like to know for what he's gunning. That first word sounds like swearing.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Cuttle, Kountz, Spiniferous, misapprehension, bounce, Vizier, we, latch, alb, doltish, hot-house, answer, Had, merciless, survivor, *gabble*, dancer, Conceded, cunning, sojourners, and, cramp."

TIL. [*Aside.*] (Oh, Lord! Another of the crazy stamp.)

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Squab, taster, brazen, welcome, venom, grout"——

TIL. Who's that from?

PEL. Kelly.

TIL. Drunk, beyond a doubt.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Association, grouse, empiric, dine"——

TIL. I will, I will.

PEL. [*Reads.*] "Vibration, swallow."

TIL. Wine.

PEL. That finishes them all.

TIL. Me too, almost.—

One moment later, and I'd been a ghost.

PEL. Now I must leave you, and at once away
To Hewitt and the rest, without delay.
You see there's nothing wrong in these dispatches——

TIL. I couldn't make them out, except in patches—
I fear the men who sent them have been straying
In crooked paths, and that, while thus delaying
To do our will, the enemy will find
Some means to do us evil.

PEL. That's unkind.

TIL. You're sure I'm safe from danger of defeat?
If not those telegrams you'd best repeat.
They constitute a fearful dose, but yet,
To save myself I'd take them. Don't forget.

PEL. If you're not safe, to make you so we'll try.
I must be going. Briefly, then, good-bye. [*Exit.*]

TIL. And I will go and dine, then take a rest,
And try those d—d dispatches to digest. [*Exit.*]

SCENE XIV.—*Parlor P, St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.*

Present, *Republican Visiting Statesmen.*

1st R. V. S. 'Tis true beyond a doubt, the State is lost.

2d R. V. S. Then we must gain it back, whate'er
the cost.

'Twill never do to let Sam Tilden win——

1st R. V. S. He's won already——

2d R. V. S. But not counted in.

1st R. V. S. Ah! That is true. What plan would
you suggest

To beat the enemy?

2d R. V. S. Oh, you know best.

You are our candidate's warm bosom friend
And on your judgment will his cause depend.

3d R. V. S. The only way our cause can be restored
Is through the intervention of the Board.
If they'll agree to throw out votes enough——

4th R. V. S. But won't the people think it rather
rough?

1st R. V. S. No matter what they think. We must
not fail.

Returning Boards are pure. Let truth prevail.

2d R. V. S. I see a way to end our ev'ry trouble.
Throw out all votes for Tilden—count ours double.

3d R. V. S. No; that won't do. We must our acts
disguise

And clothe the naked truth with specious lies.

1st R. V. S. I have a plan that surely must succeed.
'Tis this: Find out how many votes we need
And then reduce the Democratic gain
By filing protests, which we can sustain
By evidence at hand. Then, where we find
Republicans have surely run behind,
Increase their vote to what it ought to be
To give our side a fair majority.
The Board, you see, will follow our dictation
In all these matters. And my close relation
To him whose cause we serve convinces me
That he, in all these matters, will agree.

4th R. V. S. But who will make the protests? 'Tis
well known

The time has passed for filing them——

1st R. V. S. I've shown

The way to win success. I'll find the tools
To do the work, or father all the fools.

2d R. V. S. But have you seen the Board?

1st R. V. S. Oh, they're all right.
To do our will will be their chief delight.
Of course, if we succeed they must be paid
For doing what is just. They're not afraid.
But think each workman worthy of his hire
Who proves to all the world that truth's a liar.

2d R. V. S. Ha! Some one comes. Be cautious.
Be discreet.

The people must not know that we are beat.

[Enter MRS. JENKS without knocking.]

1st R. V. S. Madam, your name, and what's your
business here?

Mrs. J. I'm Mrs. Jenks. My business I'll make clear
If you'll but listen. I'm from Louisiana,
And I'm a staunch Republican.

R. V. S. [All.] Hosanna!

Mrs. J. I've come to help you through with this affair,
Providing, always, that you treat me square.
I have two comrades—Weber, Anderson,
Who, for an office when the thing is done,
Will make such protests as will count Hayes in.

2d R. V. S. Well, let them go ahead—the work begin.

Mrs. J. They first must have some guaranty from
you.

1st R. V. S. Then write us one. Most anything will
do—

We'll sign it.

Mrs. J. Thank you. Then I'll write it out,
And show you that I know what I'm about. [Writes.]

There. It is done. I'll read it. [*Reads.*] "Gentlemen :
Your note of even date received. I pen
This answer : None with me, nor Mr. Hayes,
Nor will the country, for these many days,
Forget their obligation if you stand
Most firmly by the work you have in hand.
My knowledge of the President to be,
Is such, that I am justified, you see,
In promising you every kind attention,
And other proper treatment, not to mention
The means, providing you would leave the State,
To help you from this fearful land of hate.
These shall be yours when March days number four,
Or speedily thereafter. I'll say more.
In Hayes's name I guarantee you each
A place beyond all want, and danger's reach."
Who'll sign this ?

R. V. S. All.

Mrs. J. No, leave me, to determine—
Ah, here's the one—[*turning to 1st R. V. S.*] You sign it.

1st R. V. S. Done. [*Signs.*]

Mrs. J. [*Reading signature.*] "John Sherman."
There, that will do. They'll make the protests now
When they receive this letter. I know how,
You have perceived, no doubt, to manage it.

1st R. V. S. You surely have your share of woman's
wit.

Mrs. J. You'll please excuse me now, I must away.
They're waiting for me. I must not delay.
Perhaps I'll see you later If I fail——

1st R. V. S. I won't forget.

2d R. V. S. To that I'll go your bail.

[*Exit Mrs. JENKS.*]

SCENE XV. *Gramercy Park.* Present, *Tilden.* Enter *Colonel Twister.*

TIL. Ah, Colonel, glad to see you. Take a seat.
Tell me the latest news.

COL. T. Hayes is a cheat.

TIL. Oh, that is old. I knew that long ago.

COL. T. He's trying the election to o'erthrow,
He's sent his tools to Florida, to steal
The State from you. He's trying to conceal
His desperate game by publishing abroad
That you're the one attempting all the fraud.

TIL. Why, I know naught of what is being done
In my behalf——

COL. T. 'Tis better thus to shun
All knowledge of events. It shows you're wise,
And proves the charges made by Hayes, are lies.
But what are these I see—this package——

TIL. Read,
And satisfy yourself.

COL. T. I will indeed. [*Examines package.*]
I see they're telegrams, but d—d a word
Can I make out. They're ciphers!——

TIL. [*Innocently.*] So I've heard.

COL. T. [*Reads.*] "Have, Rhine, all, parties, Amster-
dam, to, be,"——

TIL. That don't make sense, so far as I can see.

COL. T. [*Reads.*] "Safe, Baltimore, inscription, Sun-
day, notes,

Packs, Copenhagen"——

TIL. [*Interrupting.*] Tell me, have the votes
In Florida been clearly ascertained?
I hear that there I've one elector gained.

COL. T. And so do I. But yet the matter stands
In *statu quo*. Stearns favors Hayes' demands

[COL. TWISTER *unobserved* by TILDEN *puts papers in pocket*.]

That he shall make the canvass. But he won't.
He'll let the Board do that. They'll stand the brunt.

TIL. 'Tis strange that Hewitt fails to call, or send
To let me know how we approach the end.

COL. T. I'll go and see him, if you like——

TIL. Yes, do.

COL. T. And soon return. [*Exit.*]

TIL. [*Calling after.*] Bring Hewitt back with you.
This worry and suspense is killing me;
Yet am I helpless. Would that I were free
From all these troubles, that I might enjoy
My coming honors free from care's alloy. [*Exit.*]

SCENE XVI.—*Parlor, Kate's residence. Kate reading.*

SERVANT. The Colonel waits below. He bid me say
He has good news.

KATE. I'll see him right away.
Just show him up, and say to all who call,
While he is here, I'm not at home. That's all.

[*Exit* SERVANT. *Enter* COLONEL TWISTER.]

KATE. Good morning, Colonel——

COL. T. Same to you, my dear.
I know you're anxious my good news to hear.
And this it is—a lot of telegrams. [*Gives them to KATE.*]
They're full of rivers, towns, and Amsterdams——

KATE. How did you get them? Do you know the
sender?

COL. T. No, but the language used is on a bender.

KATE. You mean they're ciphers?

COL. T. Yes, I do indeed.

KATE. You've looked then o'er of course, but can
you read——

COL. T. No, not a word. They lay on Tilden's table.
I thought I'd pocket them while I was able.

KATE. And he permitted you——

COL. T. I am his friend.
Besides, he doesn't know it. I depend
On you to keep the knowledge from his ears——

KATE. Oh, don't be bothered with such silly fears.
'Tis safe with me. I bury secrets deep,
And ev'ry promise made, I sacred keep.

COL. T. I hope this business will soon be ended.
Until it is, 'twixt fear and hope suspended
I hang in agony, each moment thinking
To be found out.

KATE. 'Tis useless to be shrinking
From that we must encounter. Boldly stand
And half the danger's gone. You know my hand——

COL. T. 'Tis that alone inspires me—that sweet prize.
Why, for the sake of it I'd tell more lies
Than Satan could himself. I'd wade through sin
And suffer endless torment, just to win——

KATE. There, there; no more. I know you love me
dearly——

COL. T. Better than all the world, and most sincerely.
But I've to meet with Tilden yet. Adieu.

KATE. Act well your part. You'll find me ever true.

[*Exit COLONEL TWISTER.*]

SECOND ACT.

SCENE I.—*Gramercy Park. Present, Tilden, Pelton, and Hewitt. Returning Boards' decision just received.*

PEL. The game is up. We're beaten, busted, smashed!

TIL. Yes, hope is gone. My checks have all been cashed
And not one cent of all the money paid
Can I get back.

HEW. Cheer up. Don't be dismayed.
The House of Representatives, you know,
Can easily what has been done o'er throw.

TIL. No, 'tis too late. They'll patch up some d—d bill
To clean subvert the people's sov'reign will.

HEW. Go down to Washington and claim your own.

PEL. You surely were elected, you alone.

TIL. I've half a mind to, on the Fourth of March—
But yet, my heart is weak. It lacks the starch—
That is, I haven't courage to withstand
The voice of censure.

HEW. Don't throw up your hand
So early in the game. You'll take a trick
Ere you expect it.

TIL. Hewitt, I am sick
In body and in mind. I've been misled
By some one, whom, I know not. 'T has been said
I've wrecked full many projects in my day
For other folk, but I have this to say :
I never, until now, have been a wrecker
Of projects, to deplete my own exchequer.
I always, until now, made some small gain,
Nor passage took upon the smashed up train.

SCENE II.—*Hayes has just received news of the decision of the Electoral Commission.*

HAYES. [*Solil.*] I knew that justice must succeed at last,
 And win the day. Now ev'ry fear is past.
 I've reached the top-most pinnacle of fame.
 I've conquered every obstacle but shame,
 And that, to me, most cheerfully I own,
 Has been, throughout this whole affair unknown.
 I'll make a note of it—'tis really curious—
 And then, if Tilden's friends should get too furious
 And charge me with it, I can truly say
 I don't know what it is. I hope, I pray
 They'll let the matter rest. But should they choose
 To agitate the question—should they lose
 What little sense they have and make a fuss,
 Why, then my friends must help me through the muss.
 My friends! Yes, if I pay them well as such.
 But yet 'twill cost me nothing. 'Tis n't much
 To peddle out an office here and there
 Whenever need requires to keep them square.
 When I am President! Oh, happy hour
 When I assume the reigns of sov'reign power!
 When I may feel my triumph is complete—
 Yet, stay! Some people say that I was beat!
 I think I was myself, in the election;
 But that don't matter. I'm the free selection
 Of those who put me in. Why should I care
 Though charges vile of fraud pollute the air?
 And why should Democrats condemn a trade
 That gives them three good States—the price I paid,

For my success? They ought to be content,
 To have a friend like me for President.
 But I must keep my pledges to the letter.
 Nor must I let my party prove a fetter
 Upon my movements, if, when I am done,
 I would be called a second Washington.

SCENE III.—*Gracery Park.* Present, *Tilden and Pelton.*

PEL. The result is announced. 'Tis eight to seven.

TIL. Then I am President——

PEL. No, Hayes——

TIL. By Heaven!

This is the most unkindest cut of all.
 To be so near the top, then get a fall
 Because those whom I thought my friends were weak——

PEL. You are too hasty, uncle, let me speak
 Your friends stood by you to the very last.
 Each Democratic vote for you was cast.
 It was a partisan affair throughout
 And Bradley's vote alone put you to rout.

TIL. Well, I am ruined quite; no hope remains
 A month ago a fool—I've made great gains
 In want of common sense. I am an ass.
 To that I'll stick whatever shall come to pass.

PEL. One thing we've to console us. What we've
 done

In all this matter, no one knows—not one,
 But you and Hewitt, Cooper, Marble, Weed,
 And I.

TIL. That's good. I hope 'tis true indeed.

PEL. Those cipher telegrams I'd best destroy.

TIL. Do so at once. That's right, that's right, my boy ;

You're ever thoughtful of your uncle's fame.

PEL. In all this matter——

TIL. Yours shall be the blame

Whate'er that be.

PEL. But where are those I seek——

Those ciphers ?

TIL. On my desk. Wait. Now you speak.
I haven't seen them for a month or less.

PEL. Now that is strange, I really must confess.
I hope they're safe. The deuce will be to pay
If some d—d thief has taken them away.

TIL. Don't bother so. They'll somehow come to light.

PEL. I hope they won't, unless I get first sight.

TIL. I am quite weary, and will seek some rest.

PEL. That's just what I was going to suggest.
You're worried. Now you're over the suspense,
Rest will restore your health. I'll see you hence. [*Exit.*]

TIL. [*Solit.*] I was, and I am not. I was to be
The President. Now, all the chance I see
Of being anything but what I am,
A fool—is to be silent. I'll be d—n——

No, I'll not swear. It don't help matters much,
But I will speak of buying votes, and such,
And ring the cry of fraud with all its changes
So that the world may hear it. This deranges
My hopes, my plans, and prospects. To be beat !
To taste the bitter, when I hoped for sweet.
Oh, would that I could all the past forget—
My faults, and follies. All my errors. Yet,

This is the state of man. To-day, a fool—
To-morrow, just as wise. Like boy at school
Who thinks, perhaps he knows more than his master,
When, had he less conceit he'd learn the faster,
I thought that *I* was wise. That I could teach
Men how to win success. Now, I may preach,
And who will listen? No one. They will say,
He failed himself—his wits have gone astray.
Poor fellow! Pass him by, and heed him not.
Thus they will speak, and I be soon forgot.
And yet, I might have won the Chair of State!
Weed would have bought me in. 'Tis now too late.
Ah, I regret the errors of the past.
I see them now, since fortune ebbed so fast
To leave me on the sands a helpless wreck,
To perish of decay. I'm at the beck
Of those I sought to lead. Too bad! Too bad!
My pride is crushed: my heart is sorely sad.
An old man, broken by the cares of State—
Had I but served my God with zeal as great
As I have served myself, I had been safe—
Not the mere wanton child of fate—a waif.
Now, naked to my foes—my armor gone—
My courage weakened—all my friends withdrawn—
I'm but a sorry actor on the stage
On whom the world will vent its ill-timed rage.
I'm a poor comedy whose tragic end
Brings tears instead of laughter. God defend—
I cannot think: my metaphors are wrong.
My thoughts, a turbulent accusing throng
Give me no comfort. All the world's a show—
The men are players. I am one, I know.

Stop! I am getting Shakespeare rather mixed.
(But surely Shakespeare never thus was fixed)—
He was a man of sense, and I am—what?
A fool! And will be till my name's forgot.
I'll think no more; and say the least I can,
Then some may take me for at least—a man.
Besides, if I keep quiet, Fate's decree
May change this, my defeat, to victory. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Parlor, Kate's residence. Present, Kate and Colonel Twister.*

COL. T. The telegrams I gave you first, were all
That ever came. I thought my dear, I'd call,
That you might fix the day to be my bride——

KATE. I'm sorry, colonel, but I must decide
To make a declination of your hand——

COL. T. What!

KATE. I refuse your offer.

COL. T. I'll be d—d——

I—I—beg pardon—dear—indeed I do
For swearing in your presence but—but you—
You promised me. I've done what you requested.
Your honor and good faith are both invested
In this transaction——

KATE. I can't help it now.
If I e'er promised you—I break my vow.

COL. T. But listen——

KATE. Not a word. I'll hear no more.

COL. T. Am I to understand our troth is o'er?

KATE. Most certainly.

SCENE V.—*Parlor, St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, La.*
Present, Members Hayes Commission.

LAW. Big with events the time is now at hand
When we must carry out our chief's command.
Our letter of instruction has been read ;
We're ready now I think to push ahead.

McV. It is the President's expressed desire
That we induce friend Packard to retire
And yield the chair executive to one
Who failed to win.

BROWN. [*Aside.*] (That's easier said than done.)

LAW. Failing in this, we must consolidate
The legislatures sitting in this State,
So that the candidate who really lost
Be made the Governor, whate'er the cost.
The means to be employed to gain these ends
Are left to us. On us success depends.

McV. We first should Nicholls see, and make report
The President will give him strong support.
For sure 'twere best he know from the beginning
That Packard has no ground for hope of winning.

LAW. I would suggest an interview straightway.

McV. All right ! We'll start at once without delay
[*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE VI.—*Nicholls' office. Enter McV, and others.*

McV. Good morning, Governor. We come to treat
'Twixt you and Packard ; and to make complete
Your triumph in the late election past——

NICH. Permit me, gentlemen : you go too fast.

My triumph *is* complete. I *was* undone,
But ere you came, my cause was fully won.
I put my gallant Leaguers in the field
And drove the foe where now he lies concealed.

McV. I meant to say we brought encouragement
For you and yours, from our great President.
He will have naught of Packard, or his minions,
But gives support to you, and your opinions.
If you will make suggestions of your views
We'll see them carried out.

Haw. Yes, we'll enthuse
The Packard crew with such a loyal spirit
They'll leave his camp and ne'er again go near it.

NICH. I only have to make this one demand:
That I be recognized on every hand.

McV. We'll see that Packard's myrmidons disperse.

NICH. They'd better. If they don't, they'll fare the
worse.

McV. We'll also guarantee to you a quorum
Of members in the legislative forum.

NICH. This resolution which I hand to you
Explains my plan in ev'ry point of view.
Perhaps 'twere best you see the other side
And learn if they will by its terms abide.

McV. We'll do so right away, and now withdraw
To do as you desire. Your will is law. [*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE VII.—*St. Louis Hotel, New Orleans. Caucus of Packard Legislature. Present, also, McVeigh and others.*

CHAIRMAN OF CAUCUS. You come to learn our views,
we understand,

Of your proposal lately come to hand.
Short time we need to give them. They are brief,
But yet may fill your narrow souls with grief.
Your proposition looks too like a trade;
And we will have no venal barter made
Of sovereign pow'r whenc'er we can prevent.
And, further, this we say: To all intent
We, whom your President now tries to smother—
We, are the legal body—not the other.
You have our answer. Send it to your master,
Then drive your weapons home. We'll die the faster.

McV. We are surprised that you yourselves array
Against our wishes. 'Tis as plain as day
That you are in the wrong, and Nicholls right
Though he *was* beaten. We'll dispatch to-night
Your ultimatum.

HAW. Let us go. What use
To stay and listen to their vile abuse.

Are we not statesmen—great and pure of heart——

MEM. [*Aside.*] (If that be true you play a dirty part.)

HAW. Whose only aim is to o'er throw the State
And make poor Packard share in Tilden's fate?

McV. Yes, we'll away to set the wheel in motion
That shall effect our will.

HAW. I have a notion
That Packard should be asked to call on us
In order we this matter may discuss.

McV. To that we all agree—Let us withdraw
And take such steps as makes our will the law.

[*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Parlors, St. Charles Hotel.* Present,
Members of the Hayes Commission, Packard and Wells.

PACK. I tell you Hayes got fewer votes than I.
If he is President I am——

HAW. Let's try
And compromise this matter. It is best.
Just listen to the plan I now suggest.

PACK. I will not listen. I will not be bribed

WELLS. Who talks of bribery?

HAR. It has been ascribed
To all of you who managed this election.

WELLS. But what of that? We have escaped detec-
tion

And you are gainers by it!

McV. Let us reason——

PACK. I'll reason with you in and out of season.

McV. 'Tis thus the matter stands. The vote was
close.

To swallow Tilden were too great a dose.
Hayes could be President but by consent
Of certain politicians whose intent
Was chiefly to regain complete control
Of divers Southern States——

PACK. I know the whole
Of your base argument, but fail to see
Its force or justice. You would slaughter me

McV. Don't mind your wounded feelings—strive no more—

And that shall be the plaster o'er the sore.

PACK. I'll think of it.

McV. 'Twill be but recognition
Of your great services. The one condition
On which you take it, is, that you comply
With our request. Let opposition die.

PACK. Well, I can't help myself. 'Tis sad, but true.
I'll stifle my convictions—yield to you.
But yet 'tis strange that I can be rejected
As Governor, and Hayes be deemed elected.
I got more votes than he—the count will show it.
And d—n me if I see how you'll o'er throw it.

WELLS. That's fixed already.

HAR. Danger now is past.

WELLS. Tilden is beaten. We're all right at last.
I'll go inform our friends. [*Exit.*]

PACK. And I'll away
To carry out the trade. Good day. [*Exit.*]

HAW. Good day.

McV. Our work is o'er. The bargain is completed.

HAR. [*Aside.*] (I on the Supreme Bench will soon
be seated.)

HAW. 'Tis easy thus a State to trade away.

McV. I was the one who did it—I, McVeigh.

LAW. Here is a telegram I have prepared—
See if the views expressed, by you are shared.

BROWN. Please read it out.

LAW. 'Tis to the President,
And is as follows: [*Reads.*] "Your Commission sent
To Louisiana to transfer the State
And Nicholls see installed in spite of fate

Send this report : Your wishes have effect.
Deposed are all who helped make you elect.
Packard is out and Nicholls has gone in
His Democratic programme to begin.
All, save Republicans, are wild with joy
And these, mix heartfelt grief with shame's alloy.
We start to-night ; and Tuesday's rising sun
Will see us safe at Hotel Arlington.

McV. That's capital indeed.

HAR. Superb.

HAW. 'Tis grand.

BROWN. Come, let's all sign it ; then, a happy band,
We'll pack our trunks and off to Washington
Well pleased to know the great transaction's done.

[*Exeunt ALL.*]

SCENE IX.—*Hotel, Washington.* Present, *Jim Anderson.*

AND. (*Solil.*) I've been d—d badly treated by my friends
Or those who should be such. To gain their ends
They, that is Hayes and his infernal crew,
Made me their tool. In any point of view
It was their duty to have paid me well
For what I did, no matter what befell.
But since theirs was the winning side, they ought,
In common justice, to at least have thought
To give some cosy place to him who dared
Make vict'ry certain. All but I, have shared
In spoils official—why am I left out ?
Have they forgot there's such a man about ?

If so, I'll wake 'em up. I'll let 'em know
They can't bamboozle me. I think I'll go—

[*Enter MATTHEWS.*]

Ah, glad to see you. When did you arrive?

M. This morning.

AND. Well, I'm glad you're yet alive.

M. Now what is it you wish? What can I do——

AND. I want a consulate.

M. I'll pull you through.

AND. I want a good, fat berth. One that will *pay*.

M. I'll see the President without delay,
And get it for you. You deserve it, sure,
For what you did for him.

AND. I won't endure
Suspense much longer. He must think, and act,
Without delay, or I'll tell ev'ry fact
I know concerning his so called election,
And how I came to make that d—d objection,
Or protest as you call it, to the count
Of certain votes. You know the whole amount
Of what I can discover, if I try——

M. Indeed I do. 'Twill knock us all sky high.

AND. Just say to Hayes I must be cared for now.
I leave him to determine where, and how,
But yet the place he gives me must be good
Or I'll not take it. I've withdrawn the hood
Of his fair promises from off my eyes—
Now, he must act, and tell me no more lies.

M. I'll see you are provided for——

AND. That's right.
But see you bring an answer back to-night. [*Exit M.*]

I'll make Rome howl, if once I'm fooled again—
And teach these *honest* statesmen that the pen
Is mighty as an engine of destruction
When truths like these I have, by its production
Are scattered on the winds to bear good seed
Wherever honest men of thought can read. [*Exit.*]

SCENE X.—*Office Executive Mansion.* Present, *Hayes*
and *Secretary.*

HAYES. A man of honor promptly pays his debts.
I've cancelled some of mine—while time abets
I'll pay the others off. Give me the roll
Of my appointments made since first control
I had of matters and affairs of State—
I have not looked it over much of late.
[*Looks at list.*] The list is long, but yet must longer be
Ere I have finished it. Now let me see.
Sherman is settled with, and so is Noyes.
Harlan is on the bench. Stoughton enjoys
A residence abroad. Evarts is paid.
Coburn and Stearns commissioners are made
To visit the Hot Springs. Wallace shall go
As Governor of our New Mexico.
And with him, as a judge, I'll send McLin
Who helped in Florida to count me in.
Marks shall collector be. Jim Anderson—
(Few men could do so well what he has done)
I'll book him for a climate hot as—well—

[*Enter SHERMAN.*]

(Good morning, Sherman!) it is hard to tell

Exactly where to send him. I'll agree.
In case I ne'er again his face shall see,
To send him anywhere——

SHER. I'll find a place.
To have him here brings shame, if not disgrace.
He and that woman Jenks are always claiming
More knowledge than they have, our names defaming
Of course no one believes them, yet 'twere best
To give them place so that their tongues may rest.

HAYES. I'd like to know what's best to do for Hale?
The place I offered he declined.

SHER. I fail
To see your obligation to him now—
You offered him his pay—discharged your vow.

HAYES. Well, pass him by. There's Packard's over-
throw
Is charged to me. Where shall I let him go?

SHER. I would suggest the Civil Service School
Give him the consulate at Liverpool.

HAYES. A good suggestion. Now for those small fry
Who helped me Louisiana's vote to buy.
I must consider them, or they will raise
A tempest o'er my head, or I'm not Hayes.

SHER. I've taken care of them. Wells, Kenner, Ray,
Tom Anderson and Abell, they've their pay;
Besides, I've given place to Blanchard, Hill,
And all the others who helped do our will.

HAYES. 'Tis well! But stop: there's Justice Brad-
ley's son.
Till he's provided for, our work's not done.
For had his father not made up the eight
Against the seven, hard indeed our fate.

SHER. I sent Collector Arthur a request
That he, for "special reasons" would invest
Young Bradley with a clerkship, which he did.

HAYES. And well for him he did what he was bid.

SEC'Y. We've done. The list is finished.

SHER. Then, good day. [*Exit.*]

HAYES. I wonder what the newspapers will say
Of these appointments, when I make them known.

SEC'Y. 'Tis no concern of theirs, but yours alone.

HAYES. I mean the Civil Service to reform
Although, by doing so, I raise a storm. [*Enter M. C.*]
Merit shall fill each office in my gift
And those who serve well I'll——

M. C. [*Aside.*] (Give a lift.)

HAYES. I'll make a note of.

M. C. Mr. President,
About that consulate——

HAYES. 'Tis my intent
That candidates shall pass examination
Under the Civil Service dispensation,
Before they get appointment from my hand
To any office. Such is my command.

M. C. The gentleman is here.

HAYES. Well, bring him in.
And I'll the questioning at once begin.

[*Enter COLONEL TWISTER.*]

[*To COL. T.*] Are you a granger? And to
what extent

Do you endorse the council held at Trent?

COL. T. I am no granger, though I know a beat
That made you President. 'Twere Tilden's seat

You fill had not the eight spot beat the seven.

The Trent affair, I leave to you and Heaven.

HAYES. What is the chiefest end and aim of man?

COL. T. To get an office, and steal all he can.

HAYES. What is the statesman's doctrine of election?

COL. T. To win by fraud, and then escape detection.

HAYES. Who is the greatest man, as history tells?

COL. T. He lives in New Orleans; his name is Wells.

HAYES. Pray tell me, why consider him so great?

COL. T. He made a President, and sold a State.

HAYES. Whom do you think a wiser man than I?

COL. T. No one, since Wells, your maker, is not by.

HAYES. Name all the States, according to their size?

COL. T. Should I do that, I would myself surprise.

HAYES. You cannot answer? Well, I'll ask another.

Do you think ev'ry Chinaman a brother?

COL. T. To that I answer either yes, or no.

Just as the public current seems to flow.

HAYES. Who built the biggest dam, of which you've heard?

COL. T. Bill Chandler, when the Packard muss was stirred.

HAYES. I doubt you not. He's capable of much——

COL. T. I never thought, till lately, he had such——

HAYES. Who made you?

COL. T. I'm not made, but hope to be

When some fat consulate you give to me.

To you, my maker, then, I'll render praise

And bless, from day to day, the name of Hayes.

HAYES. That's quite correct. Who was elected I,
Or that man Tilden?

COL. T. Tilden failed to buy——

I'll say no more ; but let the matter rest
Remarking only, *you succeeded best.*

HAYES. Wisdom personified ! Another question
I'll ask you at the author's own suggestion.
What's Civil Service ?

COL. T. Having many friends.

HAYES. And what's reform therein ?

COL. T. Oh, that depends
On whose are strongest. Strength will always win
When office is the prize.

HAYES. And what is sin ?

COL. T. 'Tis sin to have an office offered you
And not accept it. Or to not undo
The people's will expressed through ballot-boxes,
Whene'er you can.

HAYES. You speak in paradoxes.
Explain yourself more clearly.

COL. T. 'Twould be wrong,
If you were weak of heart, and I were strong,
For me to see you going to defeat
And not attempt, by fraud, your foes to beat.
And I should sin, if I refused a gift
You offered me for giving you a lift.

HAYES. Correct. That's true. You'll pass. I'll
make a note
And see you are appointed. [*To M. C.*] and your vote
Touching such matters as I chance to name——

M. C. I'll cast as you direct, [*Aside.*] and d—n the
blame. [*Exit M. C.*]

THIRD ACT.

SCENE I—*Committee room of Congress. Present, Members of Committee and Mrs. Jenks.*

McM. You are——

Mrs. J. I hope so.

McM. Mrs. Jenks——

Mrs. J. That's me

McM. From New Orleans——

Mrs. J. At present

McM. [*Thoughtfully.*] Let me see.

You put me out. Oh! Tell me what you know

About this "Sherman letter." Did you go

To Parlor P in old St. Charles Hotel

To get it?

Mrs. J. There's no letter. I won't——

McM. Well,

You know the letter?

Mrs. J. Certainly I do.

McM. And wrote it, did you?

Mrs. J. What is that to you?

McM. Did Sherman write that letter?

Mrs. J. Change your question
And make it less direct.

McM. At whose suggestion——

Mrs. J. Why, mine, of course.

McM. Did Sherman write that letter?

Mrs. J. I will not answer that.

McM. Perhaps you'd better.

MRS. J. I say I won't.

McM. That letter——

MRS. J. I don't see

The great importance of it.

McM. That's for me.

Not you to see. Now, tell me, did John Sherman——

MRS. J. That is a poser. How can I determine——

McM. Write that letter, or did you?

MRS. J. Of course.

Don't bother me. You see I'm getting hoarse.

McM. That letter——

MRS. J. Oh, *I* wrote it. I don't mind

The telling you I did.

McM. Well, can you find

That letter now?

MRS. J. I wouldn't if I could,

Because 'twould do nobody any good.

It served its purpose at the time, and now,

To rake it up, will only cause a row.

McM. You wrote it?

MRS. J. Yes.

McM. And Sherman wasn't there?

MRS. J. You've hit the truth again, I do declare.

McM. And signed his name——

MRS. J. Perhaps you think so.

McM. Well.

Who signed it, if not you?

MRS. J. I'll never tell.

Spr. You say you wrote that letter—who was by,
Besides yourself——

MRS. J. I'll never tell.

Spr. But why?

Why thus refuse? What is your reason?

Mrs. J.

None.

I say I won't. That's all. I won't

SPR.

Name One—

Mrs. J. I have forgotten.

513.

Did you do the writing.

Or was it some one else did the inditing?

Mrs. J. I will not answer that. You must conclude That matter for yourself. You see I'm shrewd.

SEN. In whose handwriting was the letter penned?

Mrs. J. You've asked me that before.

SUPR.

And I intend

To ask it till you answer.

MRS. J.

Go ahead.

You'll not get one from me. What I have said——

Spr. You then refuse?

Mrs. J.

I know my business here——

McM. Your conduct on the stand makes that appear.

Mrs. J. And you may rest assured I'll tend to that. Nor tell what I'm not wanted to. That's flat.

BUT. Do you know one named Jimmy Anderson?
And when was your acquaintanceship begun?

MRS. J. I know him—yes ; I fooled him with a letter.

BUT. That's it. Go on. Don't let my presence fetter
The movements of your tongue, but tell us——

Miss J.

Notes:

BUT. About that better.

Miss J.

You may ask forever

If so you like, but, as I said before

I say to you again. I'll tell no more.

BUT. Have you some letters you received from him?

Mrs. J. That I'll not tell.

But,

Why not?

MRS. J.

A woman's whim.

BUT. Will you give up the letters you received
From Anderson?

Mrs. J. Oh, yes.

BUT. I feel relieved
To get an answer to the point, direct.
'Tis better than I hoped, or dared expect.

Mrs. J. Oh, by the way, how did you get that letter
I wrote to Kellogg? I would feel much better
Did I but know——

BUT. That is inconsequent.
I got it—that's enough.

Mrs. J. Those letters sent
To me by Anderson won't suit you quite—
Their style is too severe—while you delight
In flow'ry speech.

BUT. I want them all the same.
And if he writes poor letters, yours the blame.
That Sherman letter——

Mrs. J. I shall say no more.

BUT. That letter——

Mrs. J. I'll repeat my story o'er
If you desire it.

McM }
BUT. } Spare us, spare us, madam.
SPR. }

Have this much mercy on us sons of Adam.

Mrs. J. Then let me go; or I'll begin straightway.

BUT. Go, I beseech you. Go without delay.

Mrs. J. With pleasure, gentlemen, if you are done.
If not, remember, though a woman one
Yet I'm a witness schooled in repartee
And telling nothing.

McM. That we all agree.

And mix 'em up, then, Presto! 'Twill appear
Just what their meaning is. 'Tis this; now hear:
Kram Ed, is Denmark. Se Som, Moses is——

GIM. By George! I think you're right. You know
your "biz."

GUESS. And Edinburg is Grub in Ed turned round.
While Lose-Em-Le in dark Moselle is found.
There, now you have it. "Se Som Grubin Ed"——

GIM. We've "grubbin" in the dark, I'll bet my head

GUESS. And then, there is a woman to be lost
While Ed, *he* must be crammed whate'er the cost——

GIM. You're wrong, all wrong.

GUESS. Then I give up the job.

GIM. I won't. I'll work it out so help me—bob.
I say, let's both begin on one dispatch
And thus continue through the entire batch.

GUESS. All right, here's one to Marble, if you will.
'Tis "Warsaw here, Bolivia Brazil."

GIM. Now, who *is* Warsaw? He is here, no doubt.
The message says so. We must hunt him out.

GUESS. Perhaps he'll tell us all we want to know.

GIM. You said that *he* "was raw." If that be so——

GUESS. I must have been mistaken in my guess.
It seems so now at least, I must confess.

GIM. Well, try again. You'll hit it by and by.

GUESS. I'll conquer these blamed ciphergrams or die.
Now let me see. Brazil, *Brazil*, BRAZIL!
Bo-liv-i-a Brazil. I'll work up hill——

GIM. This hill is rugged and seems rather high——

GUESS. What's that that's high—Brazil? Oh, you
are sly,
You knew that was the meaning all the time.

GIM. What *are* you driving at.

GUESS. We'll surely climb
This hill at last.

GIM. Explain.

GUESS. Why, you have wrought
The true solution of one word we sought.

GIM. You must have lost your senses.

GUESS. No, not I.
Brazil! Brazil! *Brazil!* That means, "too high."

GIM. I hope 'tis true, but yet I am in doubt,
And fear its meaning is past finding out.

GUESS. I'm sure I'm right. It struck me all at once.
You'll find that I'm correct or else——

GIM. A dunce.
However, let us try the clue you've found
Until we meet success, or run aground.

GUESS. Now, what's too high?

GIM. Bolivia of course.

GUESS. But what's Bolivia?

GIM. O, have recourse
To your great faculty and guess——

GUESS. Guess what?

GIM. The proposition——

GUESS. Struck it by—Great Scott!
You are a prodigy. You beat me quite.
I didn't think your intellect so bright.

GIM. Will you explain yourself? Have you gone mad?
What is the matter with you?

GUESS. Well, by Dad!
You are a great one. Is it really true
That you don't see what you have brought to view?

Why, man alive, 'tis plain as plain can be——

GIM. And what is plain?

GUESS. Brazil, Brazil,—high—see?

BOLIVIA *too high!*

GIM. Well, what of that?

In such warm climates better high than flat.

GUESS. The *proposition*—don't you understand?

Bolivia means *that*, and not a land.

GIM. Oh! Then you think the sender meant to say——

GUESS. Some proposition sent to him that day——

GIM. Was thought too high——

GUESS. Exactly so, correct.

GIM. That sounds like reason; but of what effect,

Or help, or vantage will it be to us——

GUESS. We'll leave that matter out. Come, don't discuss——

GIM. What's Warsaw?

GUESS. Here.

GIM. What's here?

GUESS. [*Looking at telegram.*] This d—d dispatch.

GIM. Eureka, unum, parvo——

GUESS. What the scratch

Ails *you!* Why, Gimlet——

GIM. [*Exultingly.*] Telegram is here——

The proposition is too high——

GUESS. That's clear.

I see your point, you've made it now, old boy;

Let's go and take a glass of liquid joy.

GIM. I'm with you heart and soul.

GUESS. Say throat and mouth.

GIM. All right. I'm dry enough to cause a drouth.

But, I say, Guesser, won't we raise a storm
By our decipherings?

GUESS.

We'll kill reform.

Or make it difficult for some to do.

GIM. We'll finish now directly. What think you?

GUESS. The rest is easy; now we've made beginning
I won't take us long to find out all their sinning.

GIM. And when we do we'll have a jolly tear——

GUESS. But won't the ciphergrams rave and swear?

GIM. Let's go. I'm burning up.

GUESS.

We'll quench our thirst.

Then take up that dispatch you tackled first. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Gramercy Park.* Present, *Tilden, Pelton, Hewitt, Moses, Fox and Cooper, discussing the Tribune's publication of the ciphergrams*

PEL. 'Tis just as I expected. Ev'ry thing
Seems going wrong. How Radicals will ring
The changes on the sounding cry of fraud
When *all* the truth is known. How they'll applaud
The subtle brain that ushered into light
The truth of those d—d ciphers.

TIL.

What a plight!

Will *I* be in. They'll fix a lasting stain
Upon my reputation. All the gain
I hoped to make, to lose were bad enough.
And now, my character——

COOP.

Its pretty rough

On you, on Moses, and the rest; but yet,
It rubs *me* pretty hard. You see, I've set

My voice and countenance to aid reform.
And now—Good Lord! How honest folk will storm
Because I acted thus as your purveyor—
I wish I'd never been elected mayor!

PEL. Oh you can stand it——

WEED. Who has played the spy?

HEW. I do not know, I'm sure.

TIL. Nor I.

MOSES. Nor I.

COOP. What shall we do?

FOX. Deny their truth.

WEED. We can't,

Unless we bear false witness, and I shan't——

FOX. Don't be too squeamish. We must shield our
chief

E'en though we bring our consciences to grief.

He must not suffer——

MOSES. Let's diplomatize——

Neither admit their truth nor call them lies.

TIL. Now you speak wisdom. As for me, I'll sweat
That I know nothing——

PEL. Uncle have good care
Or those d—d Radicals who stole your right
Will place you in a despicable plight

HEW. 'Tis strange, indeed, how all those ciphergrams
Were stolen from us.

PEL. Let us say they're shams.

Got up to ruin us.

MOSES. No, that won't take,
With men of sense. The best reply to make
Is just to say they simply *signalled danger*
From some vile plot——

FOX. Go tell that to a granger

Or horse marine—he'll laugh your words to scorn
And take you for a fool.

MOSES. Since I was born
I never found myself in such a scrape.

TIL. In politics I'm dead. Hang out the crape.

HEW. No, not just yet. We'll tide this matter o'er

TIL. Keep me from harm and I will pay the score.

MOSES. I'll write a letter that shall set us straight,
Before our friends at least——

TIL. It seems my fate
To be mixed up with ev'ry foolish blunder
My friends have made. And yet, I'm pure. By thunder!
I can't restrain myself when I but think
My carelessness alone has raised this stink.
Had I but kept those ciphergrams secure
The world might yet have thought us good and pure.

HEW. Well, let's away, and do whate'er we can
To stop the scandal, or devise a plan
To make it harmless.

TIL. AND PEL. We will do our part.

MOSES. And I'll do mine.

COOP. I'm with you hand and heart.

PEL. I'll go with Moses. I may be of use
In aiding him to frame some good excuse.

[*Exeunt all but TILDEN.*]

TIL. [*Solil.*] 'Tis said there is a tide in men's affairs
Which, taken at the flood, leads him who dares
To highest fortune; but, if once omitted,
The one who fails to take it should be pitied;
For thenceforth all his after life shall be
Vexed by dread shoals of fears and misery.

And must such lot be mine? Must I contend
Against an adverse fate till life shall end,
Simply because my tide of luck ebbed fast
When it had turned, as turn it did, at last?
What shall I do? How can I conquer, now?
I surely ought to save myself, but how?
Men, at some time, are masters of their fates.
Why can't I master mine? My mind debates
This matter often; but I'm beat by odds
Too great for my contention. All the gods
Seem bent on my defeat; but wherefore, why,
I couldn't answer, were I else to die.
A short time back success seemed certain, sure.
The people thought me patriotic—pure.
Now stands my credit on such slipp'ry ground
That hope is lost, while fear and shame abound.
I am defeated in the present race,
But is this all? Shall I dare show my face,
In view of this exposure, or again
Seek public honors at the hands of men?
My brain is growing weary. Let me think,
If think I may, thus standing on the brink
Of utter ruin: First, how stands the case?
What have I done to merit this disgrace?
Why, only this: My agents wished to buy
A State or two—I gave them funds to try.
Had they succeeded, then were there no blame.
But they did not. In that consists the shame.
The project failed, and I, the injured man
Must now stand sponsor for the cursed plan.
I—it's no use. But yet, I've done the State
Some service, and they know it. Small, or great,

They should remember that, and pardon aught
 That I have done, since not a vote was bought.
 Oh, my offense is rank. It smells of fraud.
 I wonder how they'll speak of me abroad?
 Speak of me as I am? No, that won't do.
 My friends must all be coached. I wonder who—
 No, I'll not wonder, for its little use;
 But strive to shield myself against abuse.
 'Tis strange that Shakespeare so runs through my head!
 Yet, no, 'tis not. For he has long been dead;
 And henceforth I'm a ghost, in politics,—
 But are ghosts guilty of such crazy tricks?
 That I can't answer. I will get some rest
 And then attempt whate'er my friends think best. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Gramercy Park.* Present, *Tilden and Pelton.*

TIL. 'Tis all your fault.

PEL. I say 'tis not.

TIL. It is.

Go! Leave me, leave me! Never show your phiz
 Beneath my roof again. Go! Go! I say.

PEL. Where shall I go to?

TIL. Down to Florida
 For aught I care.

PEL. I would but 'tis too late
 To go there hoping I may buy the State.

TIL. You are impertinent——

PEL. I served you well—
 I tried to buy, when others wished to sell—

I did the best that I or mortal could
 To lift you into pow'r. 'Twas for your good,
 Nay, 'twas your wish, that I began the trade;
 And now, because it failed, you would degrade
 The one who shields you from your evil fame
 By taking on himself the shame and blame.

TIL. This is too much. I will not stand it. No!
 Out of my house——

PEL. Why do you bid me go?
 Answer me this, and then without ado
 I'll end all intercourse 'twixt me and you.

TIL. Why do I bid you go? Did you not *fail*
 To buy me in? What good, of what avail
 Were all my plans and plots with such a fool
 As you to manage for me?

PEL. Now that's cool!
 You know I wanted you to close the trade
 With South Carolina soon as it was made;
 But you delayed and pottered o'er the job
 'Till 'twas too late. Now, you attempt to rob
 Your nephew of what sense he may possess—
 Turn him adrift without——

TIL. I must confess
 You are presuming much on my——

PEL. Discretion?
 No. You'd not *dare* to have me make confession
 Concerning what I did by your advice—
 You'd rather yield your fortune. Oh, 'tis nice
 To have *you* for an uncle—you're so pure,
 And good, and great. I think I can endure
 Your great displeasure though I bankrupt be
 For sure, 'tis something, that you're kin to me.

You cannot wipe that out. I've half a mind
To tell the world what wealth of love I find
In your thin, withered heart—to——

THL. Do but that—

Lisp but one word, and this I tell you flat:
Not one poor penny will I give, not one,
To save you from starvation.

PEL. Let's be done

With all this talk. I go, but, never fear:
I mean to keep my pledge, though it is clear
You break your own to me. I'll never tell,
But guard your secret to the gates of hell.
I'll bear for you the blame—but this I say:
The people will be judges. *They* will lay
The shame and blame where right it ought to rest
Without one word of mine; and I'd suggest
You case yourself in honor's strongest mail.
For venom'd darts will rain on you like hail
From press, and people, when they learn the way
You keep your promises.

THL. Be off, I say!

PEL. I go, but, mark me, gratitude pays best.

THL. I'll never let it keep me from my rest.

PEL. That well I know. But, sometime, you'll agree
I spoke the truth this night. [*Exit.*]

THL. We'll see! We'll see!

Confound the boy; to fail, when he should win—
That were, to me, unpardonable sin. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Lobby of House, Capitol.* Present, *Colonel Twister*

COL. T. There's no more hope for me. They've thrown me over.

And yet, for one brief spell, I lived in clover ;
But then, they found me out, alas ! Too quick,
And when they did, served me a dirty trick,
For they discharged me. Once, I thought my star
Would reach the zenith. That bright Fortune's car
Would bear me on, and on, and never stop ;
And while I thought, they found me out, and pop !
Off went my head. Now here I am "dead busted."
There's not a single man I ever trusted
To trust me now. Confound that Anderson.
'Twas him that ruined me. I first begun
By ruining my friend ; then got a place
From Hayes, to compensate for my disgrace.
Then that man came, and when he fell, fell I,
And where I fell, there, now, I've got to lie.
But yet he told the truth. Hayes sure was beat,
And never was entitled to the seat
He occupies to-day. We thought, poor fools,
That if we made ourselves the ready tools
To bring the frauds to light, the other side
Would see us launched again on fortune's tide.
We failed, but not through any fault of his—
Ah, there he comes. I recognize his phiz—

[*Enter ANDERSON.*]

How are you, Anderson, how goes the battle ?

AND. D—d rough. These Congressmen are worse
than cattle

Wild from the Texan plains. They're far too shy
To help us as they ought, e'en on the sly.

COL. T. I think your case a little worse than mine.
But yet 'tis difficult to draw the line
Between the two.

AND. I do not think so. You,
Ruined your friends; while all that *I* could do
I did to build *mine* up.

COL. T. Well, as you will.

AND. Mine surely is a cursed bitter pill.
I engineered Hayes in. Without my help
He had been beaten. Now his friends all yelp
And snap their fangs at me, because, forsooth,
I made exposure of the naked truth.
If I'd but had that guaranty from Sherman
I'd made them dance some dance besides the German.
'Twas Madam Jenks that saved them—she alone.
By her were all my hopes and plans o'erthrown.
She got that "letter," and they paid her well
For all the lies her ready tongue could tell
In their behalf.

COL. T. Her testimony shows
She told not all she knew.

AND. John Sherman knows
He wrote that letter; and with all his cheek
He dared not go upon the stand and speak
Concerning it. He dared make no denial,
Except through her, and that, on any trial
In court of law, were worthless to acquit,
Or prove him innocent of writing it.
He proved his guilt to every man of sense
By keeping silent. Under what pretense——

COL. T. One thing is sure ; the people when they read
Your statements will believe them.

AND. Yes, indeed.
The people are not fools ; and *they* can see
Why Sherman tried so hard to ruin me.
'Twas his and Hayes' salvation. Everything
Constrained them and their Louisiana ring
To save themselves by proving me a liar—
But yet they failed.

COL. T. The people will inquire
Into the interest which *they* had at stake
And gauge their acts by that. Then they will take,
By way of offset, this important fact :
You went against your interest. *You* attacked
The only source from whence you hoped for aid
Before you found them false to pledges made.

AND. That puts the matter in its proper light.
But—I can't tarry longer. Come to-night—
You know where I am staying, and we'll try
To drown our troubles in some rock and rye.

COL. T. I'll be there certain. Meantime wish you well.
May smiling fortune soon these clouds dispel. [*Ereunt*
both.]

SCENE VI.—*Room of Sub-Investigating Committee,
New York. Present, Members of the Committee and
Tilden.*

TIL. I come before you, honored sirs, a man
Of honest purpose : contradict who can.
Conscious of innocence, I seek redress.
As stands my case with Hayes, I must confess

That though *de facto*, he's not my selection
 I was the people's choice the last election.
 I can assure you, I opposed him strong;
 But yet I'm conscious of no earthly wrong
 To him or any other. All this fuss
 About the ciphergrams, I won't discuss.
 They're far beneath my notice. I've no knowledge
 Of base Returning Boards or 'lectral college
 I only know that I was late elected
 To be your President, and then—rejected.
 Now is the winter of my discontent;
 For I know not where all my money went.
 I paid it cheerfully, in hopes of winning—
 But not with fixed intent or thought of sinning—
 I paid it, and 'tis gone. I've naught to show
 For what it went——

REED. That's what we want to know.
 And those dispatches, signed by Fox and Coyle——

TIL. Oh, curse them! Curse them! Wasted all my
 toil
 Through their stupidity. They should have thought
 To first secure the money. Then have bought.

REED. But those dispatch——

TIL. I never heard a word
 Concerning them till this d—d muss was stirred.

REED. You knew your nephew went to Baltimore?

TIL. Well, yes. Long after.

REED. Did you know before?

TIL. I might but don't remember. But I'm sure
 I was elected—that my heart is pure.

REED. Now those dispatches——

TIL. Never came to me——

REED. But to your house?

TIL. To that I'll not agree.

I do not know—my mem'ry fails me quite.

You question me too close. You take delight.

It seems, in asking matters I——

REED. Won't tell?

TIL. Oh, suit yourself. [*Aside.*] (I wish he was
in——)

REED. Well?

TIL. I tell you once for all, I'd no suspicion
Of those d—d ciphers, till, in deep contrition
My nephew came to tell me he had failed
In buying votes. Then, gentlemen, I railed
At fortune and at him. Turned him adrift
Because he failed——

REED. In giving you a lift?

TIL. No; gentlemen. That nephew! He has spoiled
My prospects for the place for which I toiled.
It has been said "where Heav'n denies a son
The devil sends a nephew." I am one
To realize the truth of that old saying
For mine has ruined me. Nor gold, nor praying,
Can build me up again——

REED. You've told us all——

TIL. That I intend to as regards my fall.
But I'll repeat my statement o'er and o'er
That I am President——

REED. You'll say no more
About those ciphers?

TIL. No, indeed. Not I.
I've heard too much already. Let them die.

Now, gentlemen, permit me to retire—

I've proved my innocence——

REPORTER. [*Aside.*] (Oh, what a liar!)

As all the world may see.

REED. Those telegrams——

TIL. I couldn't tell them from the Book of Psalms.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*Tilden's office. Present, Tilden alone.*

TIL. [*Solil.*] I sighed for bliss; and that which caused
the cipher

I sigh for now, but don't the cipher sigh for.

E'er since I thought "Returning Boards" were bought,

I sigh to be a cipher—sigh for nought.

[*Knock heard.*] Come in! (I wonder who it is) Come in!

I'm sick and tired of this infernal din.

[*Enter NEWSPAPER REPORTER.*]

REP. What ails you, my dear sir? You seem cast
down,

And sigh for——

TIL. Ciphers! They have done me brown.

My mem'ry is a total blank. I know

Nothing about them now. Tell people so.

I'm sick and tired of all this talk and fuss,

And wish the dev'l had those that made the muss.

REP. I meant to ask, why do you sigh——

TIL. I hear,

And tell you, sirrah, that I have no ear

For such discourse. 'Tis scarce as sweet as honey—

This "cipher" talk and that d—d "bar'l of money."

Besides, the language used is rather graphic—
“Copareeners,” and such, the “cipher traffic”—
I tell you once for all, I’ve had enough
Of this infernal cipher. Its d—d rough
That I can’t have one single moment’s quiet
Unless I “gobble” it, or, worse yet, buy it.

REP. One moment, if you please. You do mistake.
I prithee, hear me for your conscience’ sake.
I do not mean a cipher thus [0] a nought,
But sigh for blessings, or from heart o’erwrought.

TIL. I tell you ciphers are the same to me
Whether from heart o’erwrought, or Florida.
I have no knowledge of them. I am dead,
To *all* dispatches under such a head.

REP. [*Aside.*] (He seems determined not to understand.

I’ll try again.) It was at your command
I called to day to have an interview
Concerning matters pertinent to you.
I saw you looking sad and heard your sigh—

TIL. My nephew did it. All the rest’s a lie.
I’m ignorant of what he, Weed, and Marble
Did in the case. The papers only garble.

REP. ‘Tis said they sent dispatches to the Park
Where you reside——

TIL. If so they kept it dark.
For not a cipher came there I could read
Although I tried them all. I did, indeed.

REP. You did get ciphers, then?

TIL. I tell you, no!
I mean—don’t bother me. I say, although

I was the one most deeply interested—
 The one whose "bar'l of money" was invested—
 The one who was a President to be—
 They yet kept all those matters safe from me.
 I never heard a word of hopes, or fears,
 Or what was being done. Thus truth appears.
 Nay, more. When those d—d telegrams were sent
 I was in "Russia," purposely intent
 On keeping dark till each Returning Board
 Should make report, and tell whose "ox was gored."
 How, then, could I know aught of this new Moses,
 Or Max, and Fox, and others, truth discloses?
 It is impossible, how'er you view it.
 Thus say I, Tilden, so says Abram Hewitt.

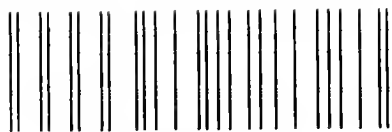
REP. I heard your sigh——

TIL. I tell you 'twas agreed
 Between my nephew, Moses, Max, and Weed,
 That I should nothing know. That in my breast
 No "cipher" knowledge e'er should find a rest.
 Therefore, my mem'ry's gone. Clean gone away.
 The people won't believe me—but—good day.

[*Exit* REPORTER singing "Oh, I sigh for the rest," &c.]

TIL. And this is what I sighed for. This is fame!
 To miss the prize, and shoulder all the blame.
 To pay my money, then, Alas! Alas!
 To have my party write me down—an ass.
 I cannot bear the load. It is too weighty.
 But, never mind. Time flies. In eighteen eighty
 I'll make an ass of them and give them ears
 So long they'll think of me an hundred years.
 Small comfort that to me; but yet I'll do it,
 And make them nominate an ass—to rue it. [*Exit.*]

LEAH, J. C. (1983)



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